

which is theirs! Go into an orchard at early morning when the trees are in bloom, and listen to their songs. It is when the flowers in their thousand forms are fresh with the dew of morning, when the grasses bend with hundreds of tiny sparkling mirrors, that the birds sing their best songs. I hear all these and much more; and as the pageant passes, more flowers seem to come and go, until the lovely veronica arrives. I can never pass this by. The large patches of this tiny flower with its thousand petals seem as though it had received something of the blue from above; the flowers are like so many tiny mirrors, with the deep colour of a fairy Eastern sky reflected in their forms. The spring-time is so short, the glory of it passes so quickly, that when I see these flowers which I love so well, I feel that I cannot leave them without pensive regret.

It seems that I must linger in the midst of the long grass, charming with flowers, and live in the midst of the luxury which is theirs, or remain to hear the Blackbird's liquid song. I feel within my own heart something of all this